

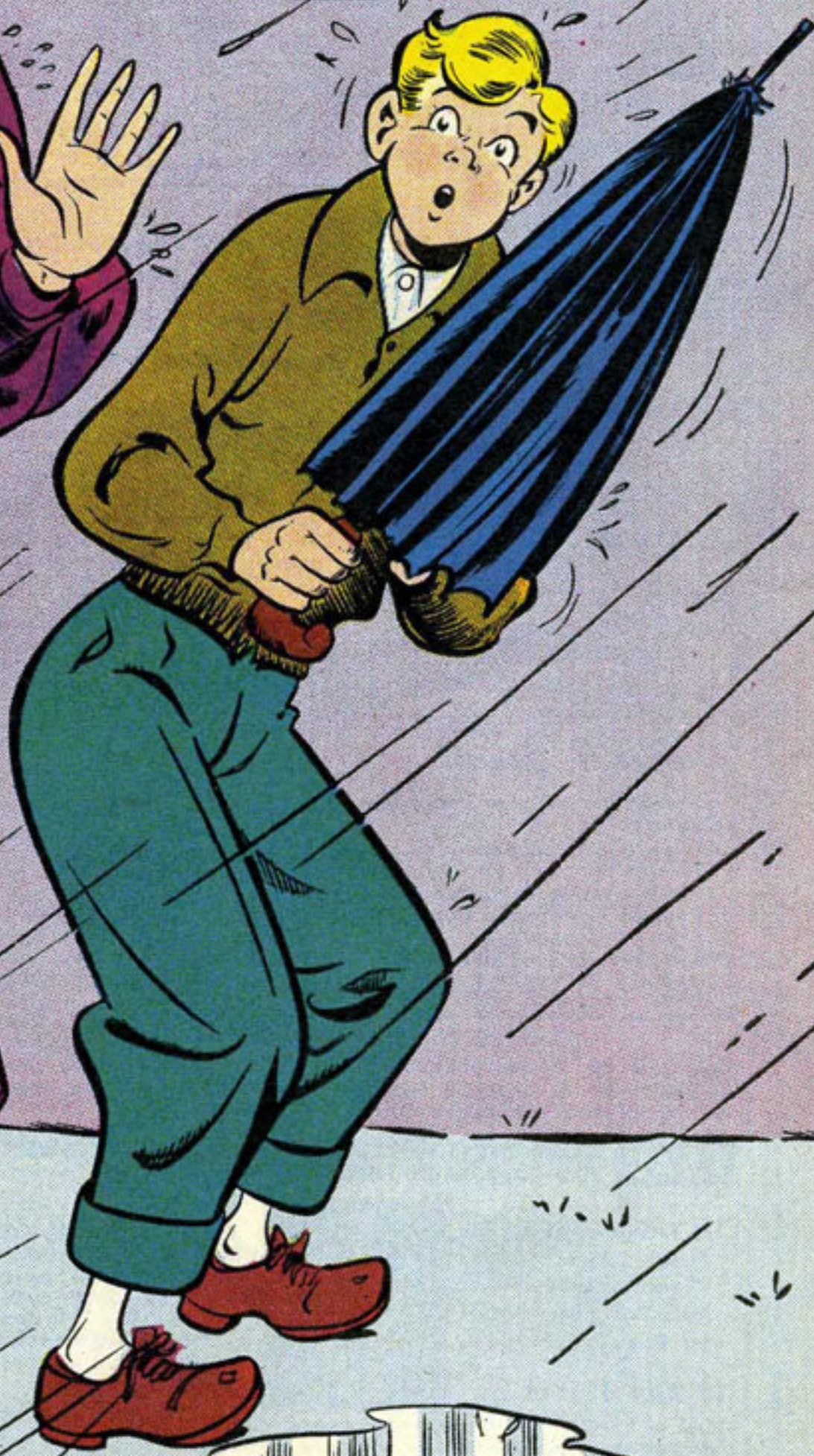
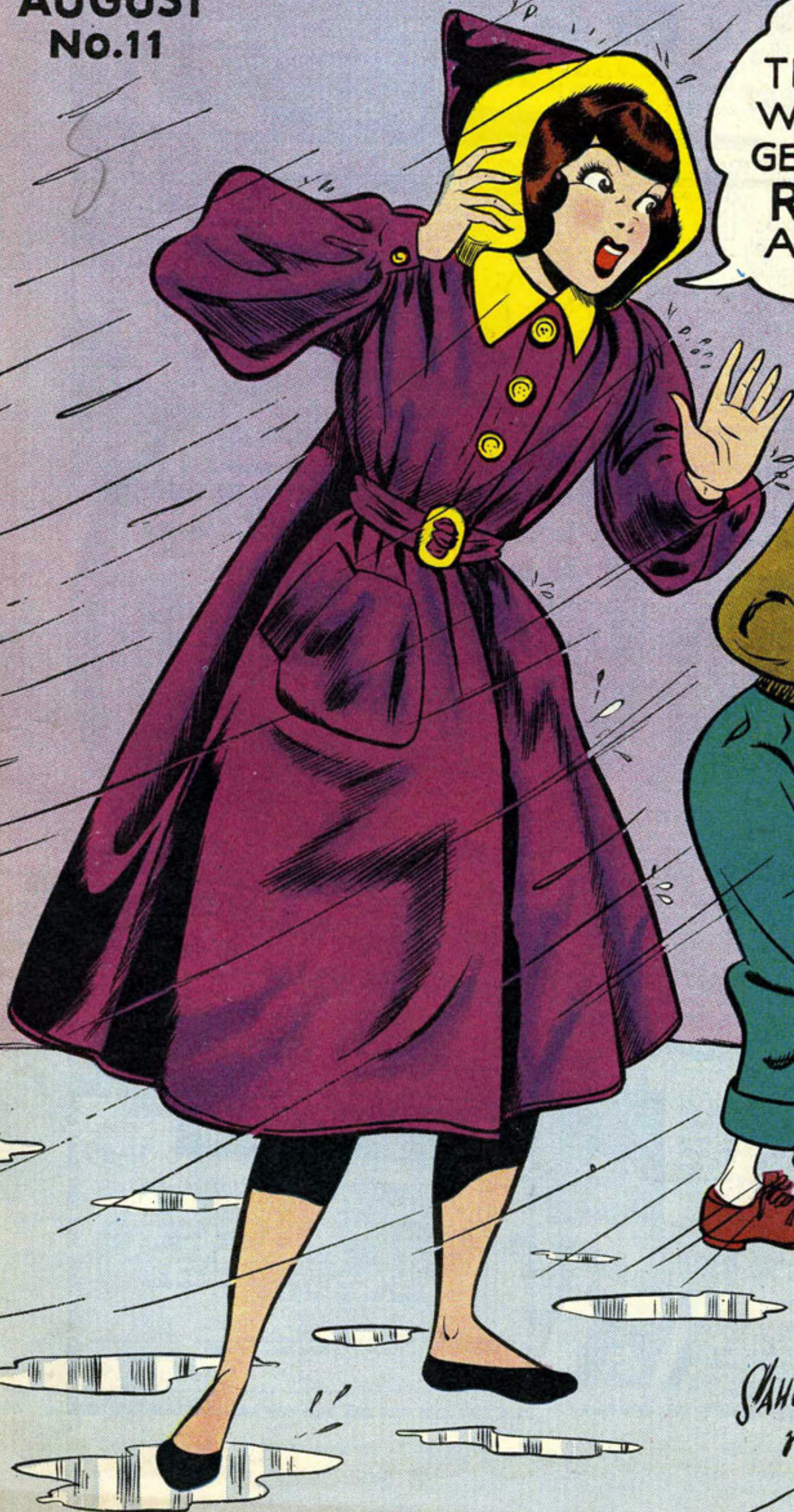
CANDY

QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP
I. C. D.
8

AUGUST
No. 11

10¢

HURRY,
TED! DO YOU
WANT ME TO
GET MY NEW
RAINCOAT
ALL WET?



SAHLE



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Let's Go, Pal!
I'll prove I can make YOU

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is the greatest in the
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FAST—or it won't cost you a cent—
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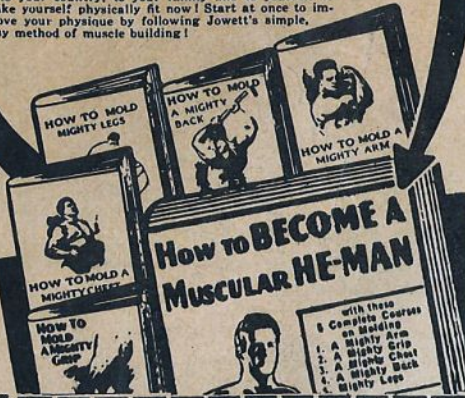
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Give me 10 Easy Minutes a
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I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven its ability to build the strongest, handsomest men in the world. And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis—that no matter how flabby or puny you are I can do the same for you right in your own home. Let me prove I can add inches to your arms, broaden your shoulders, give you a man-sized chest, powerful legs and a Rock-like back—in fact, power pack your whole body so quickly it will amaze you! Yes, I'll jam you with power and self-confidence to master any situation—to win popularity—and to get ahead on the job! Through my proven secrets I bring to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully satisfied you are the man you want to be.

**BUILD A BODY
YOU WILL BE PROUD OF!**
I am making a drive for thousands of
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So Get Now My 5 (Valued at \$5 each) Muscle Building Courses
All in 1 great complete volume **FOR ONLY**

PACKED WITH HOW-TO-DO-IT PICTURES!
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- Reputed to have the strongest arms in the world
- Four times winner of the world's most perfectly developed body plus many, many other world records!

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Send only 25¢ for my 5 easy-to-follow, picture-packed courses now in 1 complete volume "How to Become a Muscular He-Man." Try it for one night! Experience the thrilling strength that surges through your muscles.

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Dear George: Please send by return mail, prepaid, **FREE** Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men, along with all 5 Muscle Building Courses. 1. Molding a Mighty Chest. 2. Molding a Mighty Arm. 3. Molding a Mighty Grip. 4. Molding a Mighty Back. 5. Molding Mighty Legs—Now all in One Volume "How to Become a Muscle He-Man". Enclosed find 25¢. NO C.O.D.'S.

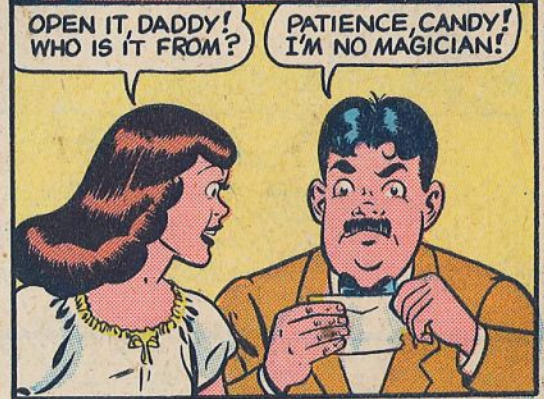
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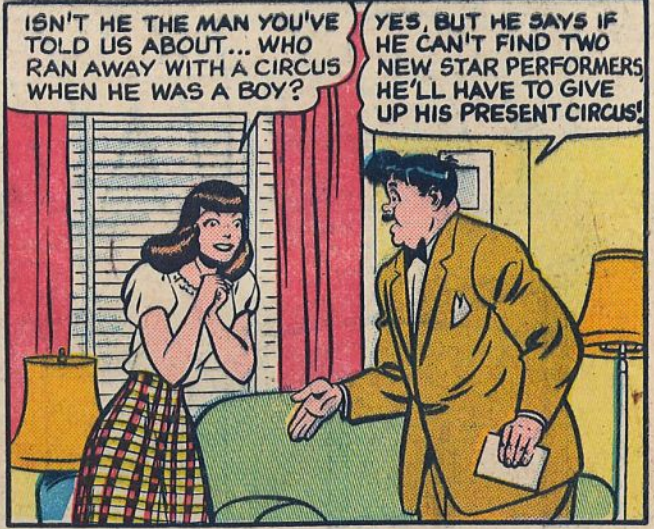
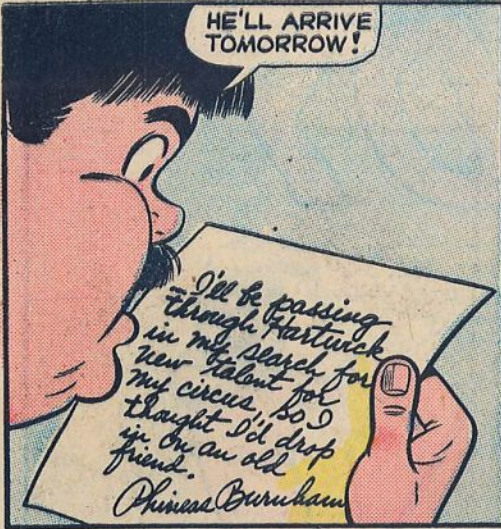
ADDRESS _____

CANDY

CANDY



CANDY



... AND HE'S LOOKING FOR NEW TALENT! WOULDN'T IT BE OUT OF THIS WORLD TO WORK IN A CIRCUS THIS SUMMER!

YOU'D BE RIGHT AT HOME IN THE FREAK SHOW!

DOUBLE SCOOP "DELIGHT" CHOCOLATE FUDGE 25¢

BANANA SPLIT 25¢

SODA 10¢

YOU COULDN'T GET INTO THE CIRCUS EVEN IF YOU HAD TWO HEADS!

I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW I'M AN EXPERT EQUESTRIAN, AND WITH MY LOOKS AND FIGURE I'D EASILY GET A JOB IF I WANTED IT!

DON'T MIND CORNELIA CANDY! SHE ALWAYS TURNS GREEN THIS TIME OF YEAR! I THINK IT'S A SWELL IDEA!

I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF MR. BURNHAM MADE ME A FAMOUS TRAPEZE ARTIST!

I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO BE A CLOWN!

YOU'RE MUCH TOO SERIOUS, CUTHBERT ... THAT'D BE MORE TED'S STYLE!

I'M BETTER AT JUGGLING!

HAH! OLD BUTTERFINGERS DAWSON!

MY DOG BLACKIE IS REAL SMART! MAYBE YOUR UNCLE COULD PUT HIM IN THE CIRCUS!

AW, WHO WANTS TO SEE THAT MANGY MUTT OF YOURS, ORVILLE! BESIDES DAWSON'S THE DOG-FACED BOY!

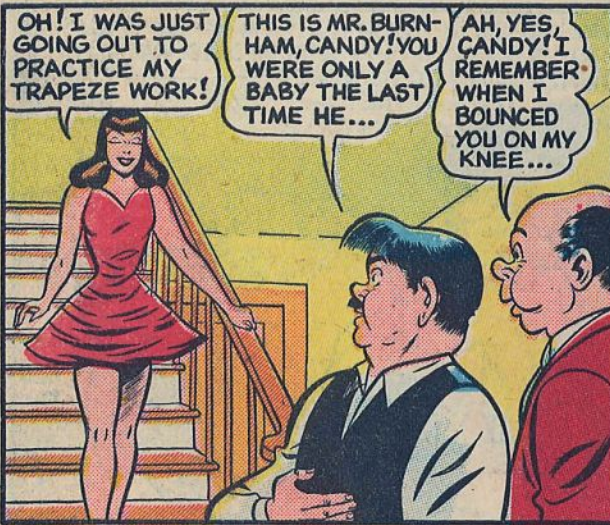
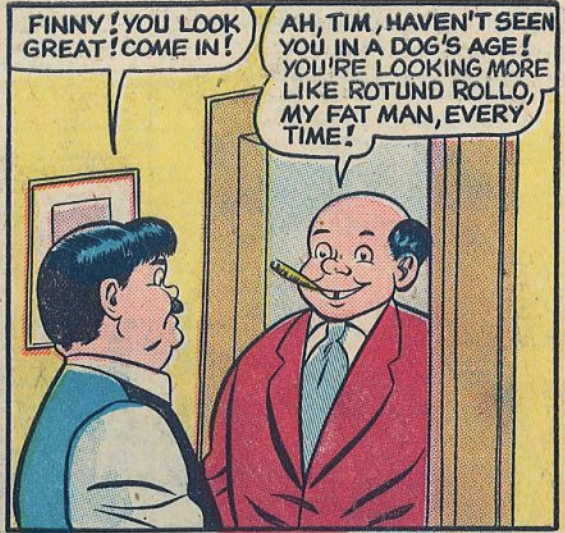
PUT HIM IN WITH THE HYENAS SO THEY'LL REALLY HAVE SOMETHING TO LAUGH ABOUT!

LEMME AT THAT JOKER! I'LL ATOMIZE HIM!

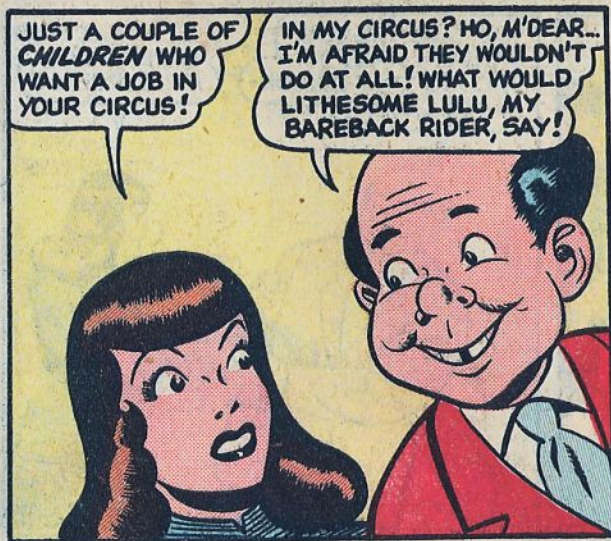
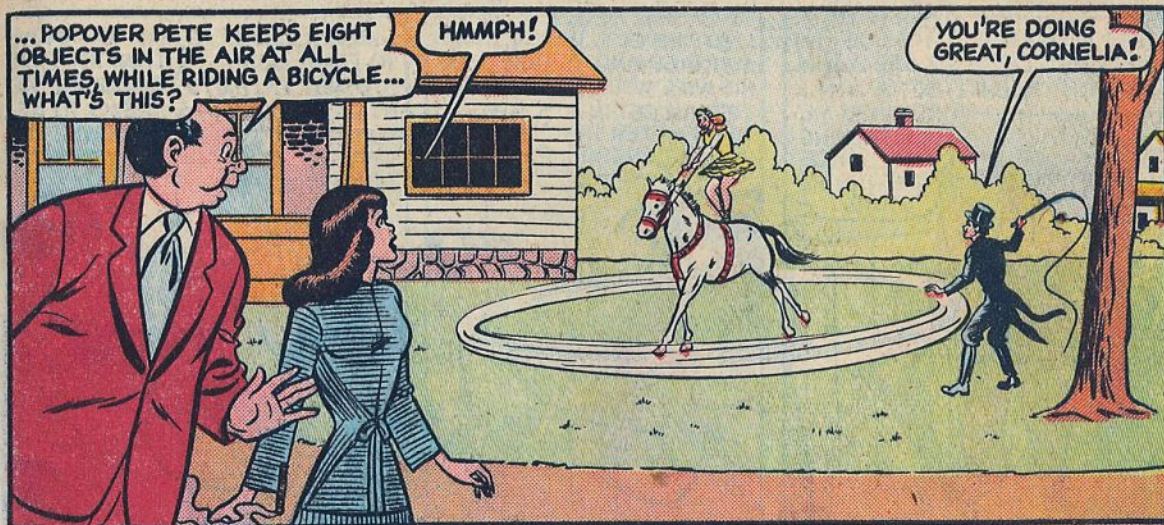
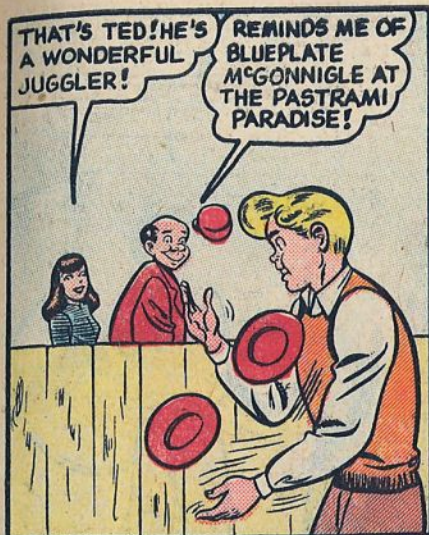
EASY, TED!

WHAT ABOUT YOU, TINA?

I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE ALL THINKING, BUT I WON'T TAKE THAT JOB!

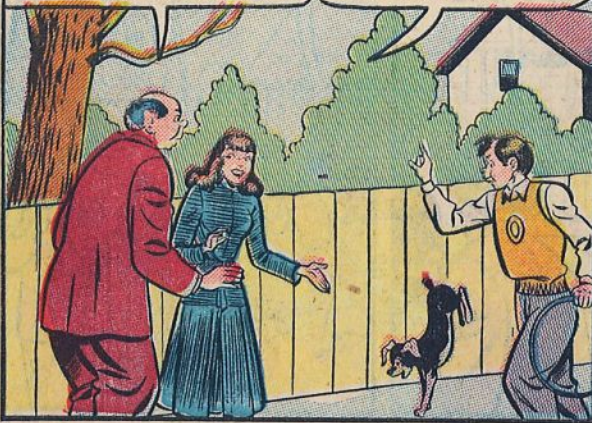


CANDY



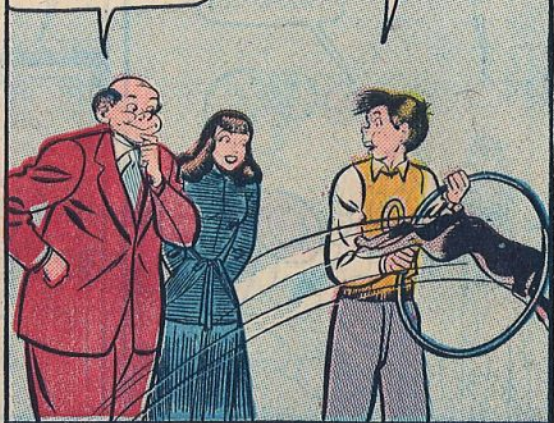
WHAT'S THIS... MORE PERFORMERS? YOUR TOWN IS A VERITABLE GOLD MINE OF TALENT!!!

THAT'S ONLY ORVILLE AND HIS TRAINED DOG! YOU WOULDN'T BE INTERESTED IN *THAT*!



ON THE CONTRARY, M'DEAR! THIS DOG HAS JUST WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR...

HIS NAME'S BLACKIE! HE CAN WALK ON HIS HIND LEGS, TOO!



BUT I THOUGHT YOU WERE LOOKING FOR TALENT?

THIS DOG HAS A GREAT DEAL OF TALENT... REMINDS ME OF A TALKING DOG I ONCE KNEW IN ST. LOUIS...



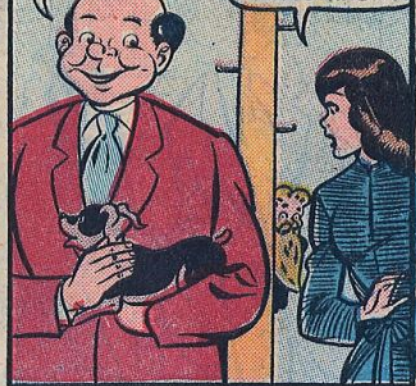
... BUT HE GOT MARRIED AND HIS WIFE WOULDN'T LET HIM GET IN A WORD AFTER THAT! IS THAT ENOUGH, M'BOY?

SURE, THANKS! TAKE GOOD CARE OF HIM, MISTER!



I NEVER EXPECTED TO FIND SUCH HIDDEN TALENTS IN HARTWICK!

DO YOU KNOW THAT MAN, MR. BURNHAM? HE SEEMS TO BE FOLLOWING US!



DO I! THAT'S BARRY THE BEAVER! ALWAYS HANGING AROUND MY CIRCUS, TRYING TO LURE MY PERFORMERS AWAY!



YOU TAKE THE DOG, CANDY! I WANT TO TALK TO THAT COTTON-FACED CROOK!

I'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF HIM, MR. BURNHAM!





HI, CUPCAKE I.
HELPING THE
DOG CATCHER?

DON'T BE FUNNY, CLUMSY!
MR. BURNHAM SAYS HE
WILL BE VALUABLE FOR
HIS CIRCUS!



NO FOOLIN'! HE LOOKS
LIKE ANY FLEA-BITTEN
HOUND TO ME! HE SURE
NEEDS A BATH!

SUPER IDEA, TED!
I'M SURE MR. BURN-
HAM WOULD
APPRECIATE IT!



SOOTY... IF WE MAKE A
HIT WITH MR.
BURNHAM AT
LEAST HE MAY
GIVE US **SOME**
KIND OF JOB IN
HIS CIRCUS!

THIS SHOULD
PUT US IN
SOLID! IT'S
PROBABLY
THE FIRST
BATH BLACKIE'S
EVER HAD!



HOLD STILL,
BLACKIE!

WAIT, TED! I'LL
PUT MORE OF
THIS FLEA
POWDER ON
HIM! HE NEEDS
PLENTY!



GUESS HE'S JUST ABOUT
FINISHED NOW! CLEAN AS
A WHISTLE!



IF THAT'S THE DOG
PHINEAS BURNHAM
BOUGHT, I'LL GIVE
YOU TWENTY DOLLARS
FOR HIM!

HUH?

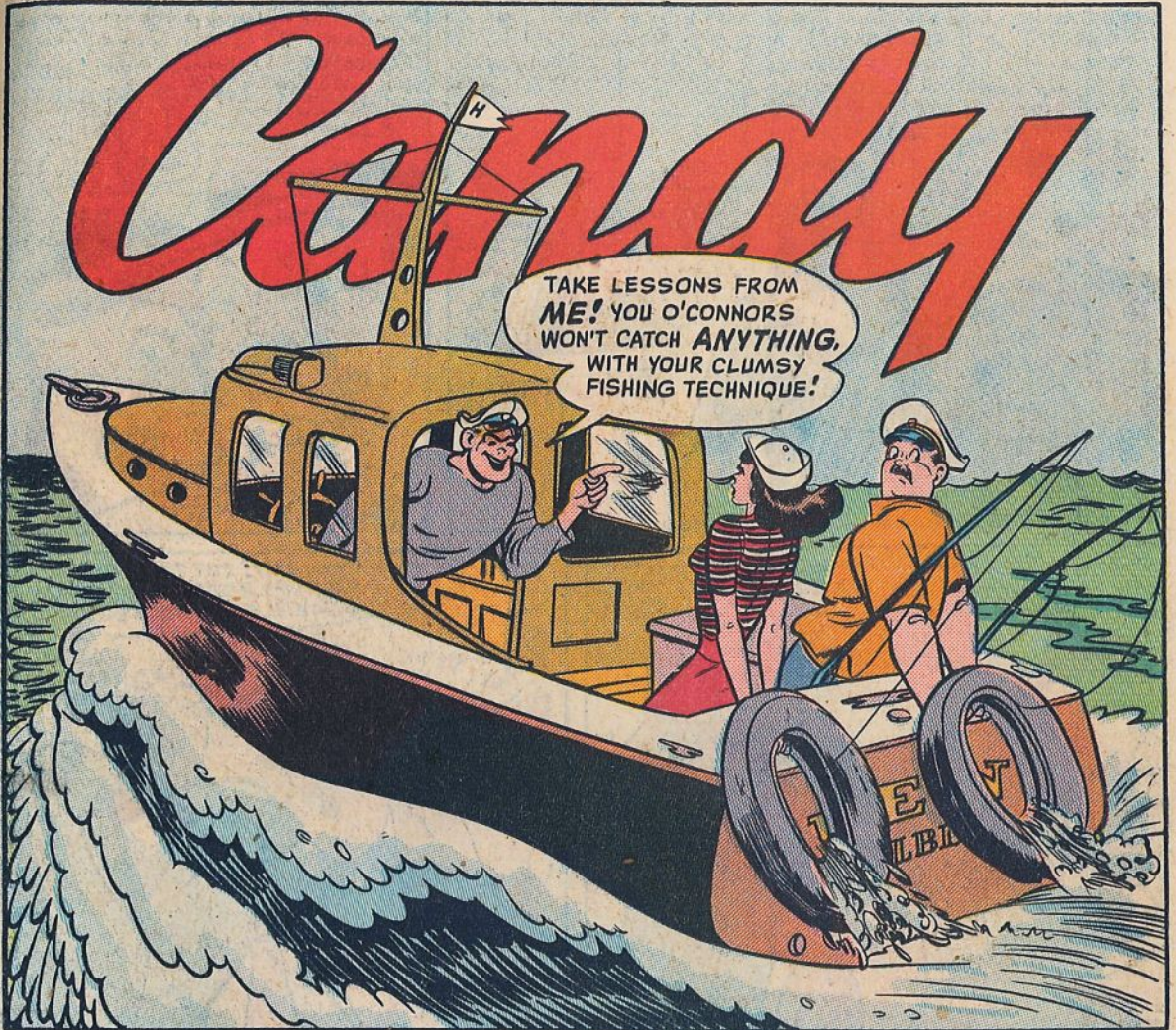
OH, NO! MR. BURN-
HAM TOLD ME ALL
ABOUT YOU! THIS
DOG'S VERY
VALUABLE!

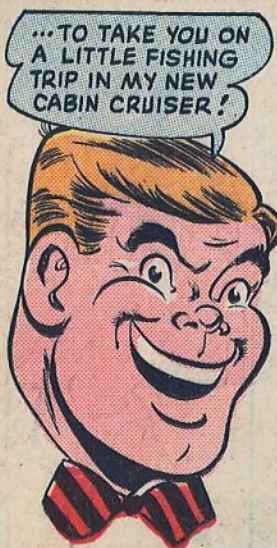
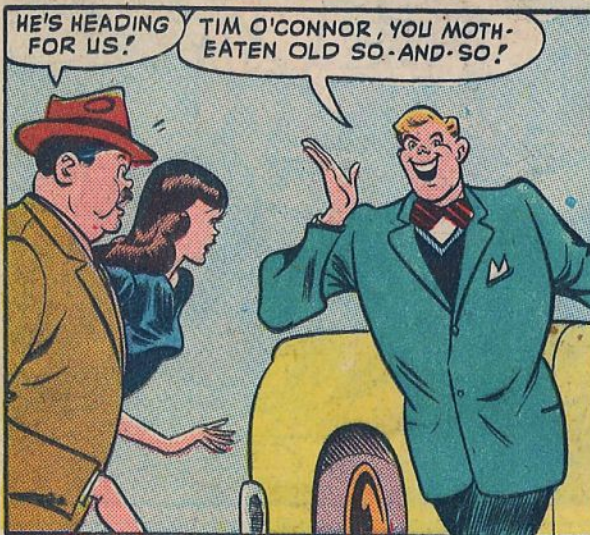
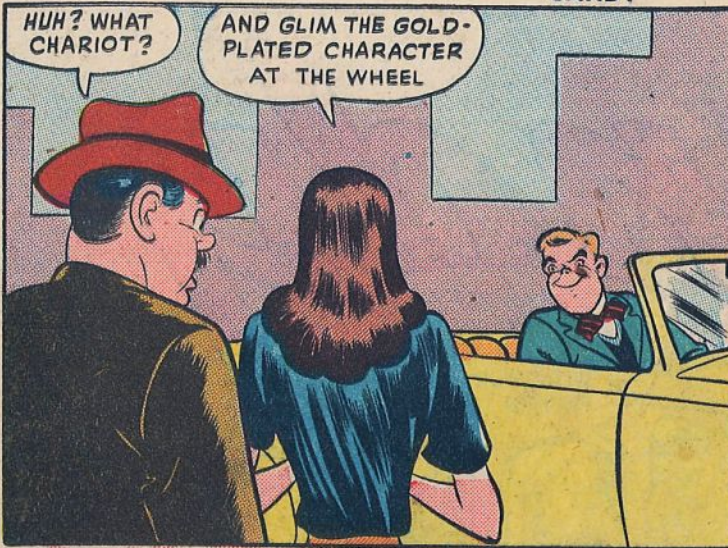


I'LL GET THOSE
SIPHONAPTERAE
AT ANY COST! I
WON'T LET PHINEAS
BURNHAM BEST ME!

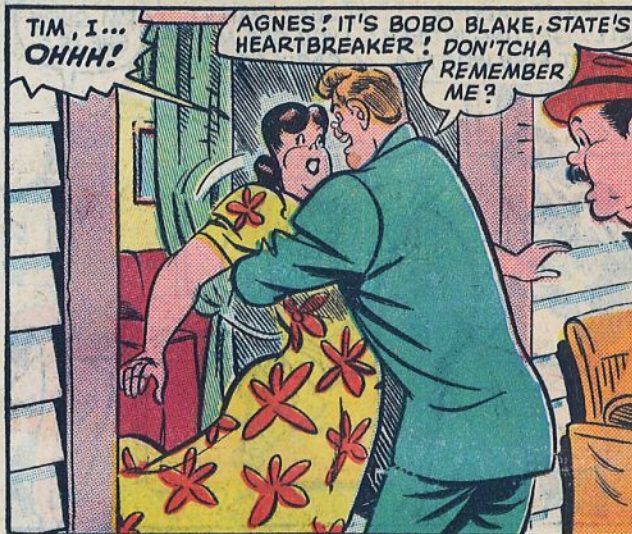
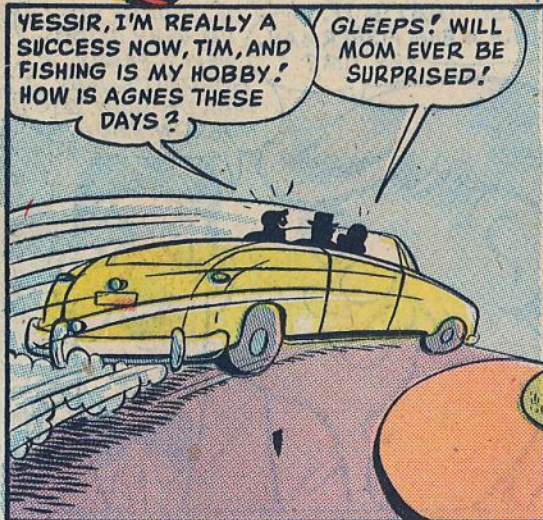
SIPHON... WHO? WHAT-
EVER BLACKIE IS,
YOU CAN'T HAVE
HIM!



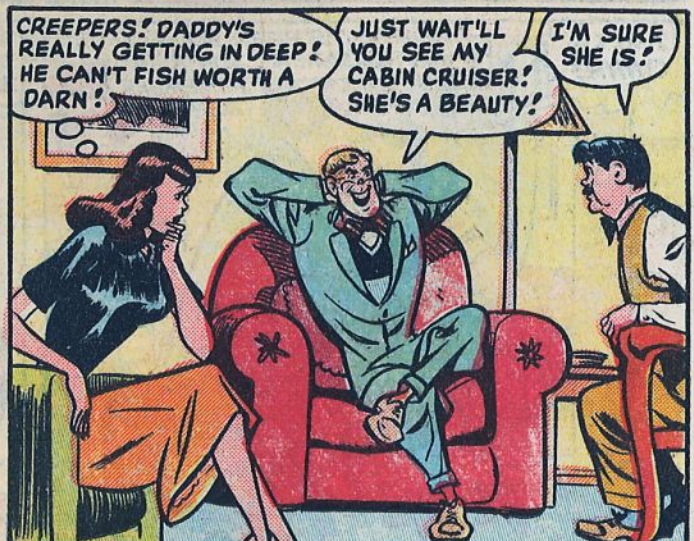
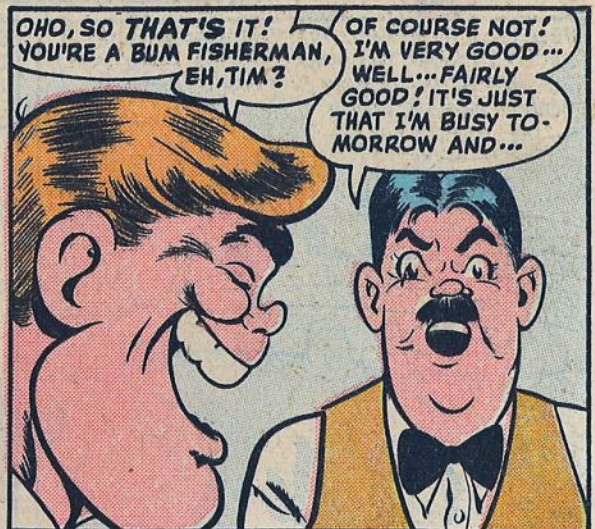




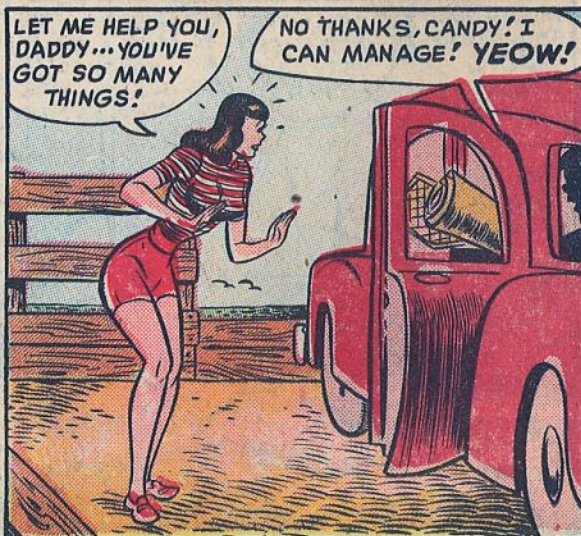
CANDY



CANDY

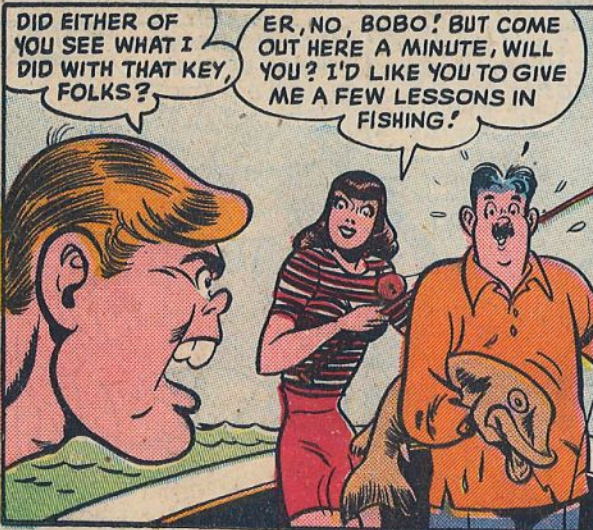


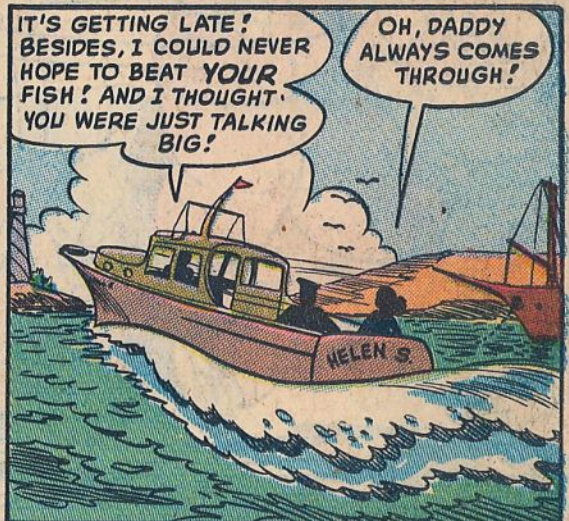
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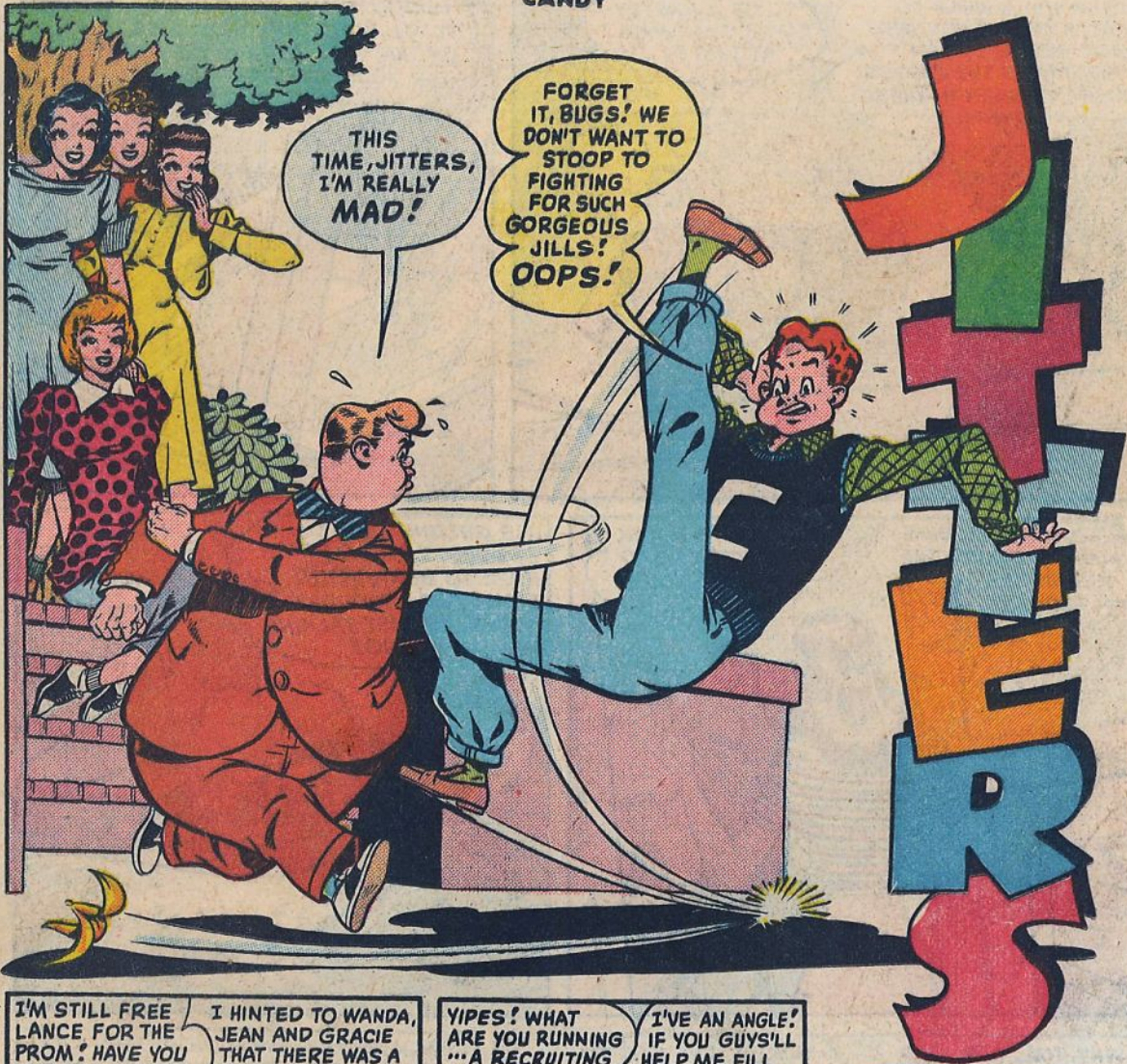












I'M STILL FREE LANCE FOR THE PROM! HAVE YOU CLOWNS SIGNED UP CHICKS YET?

I HINTED TO WANDA, JEAN AND GRACIE THAT THERE WAS A CHANCE FOR EACH OF THEM... BUT I WOUND UP ASKING THEM ALL!

YIPES! WHAT ARE YOU RUNNING... A RECRUITING CAMPAIGN? HOW Y'GONNA TAKE THREE GIRLS AT ONCE?

I'VE AN ANGLE! IF YOU GUYS'LL HELP ME FILL THEIR DANCE PROGRAMS, I CAN CALL FOR EACH GIRL AT A SEPARATE TIME AND KIND OF SMUGGLE 'EM IN!

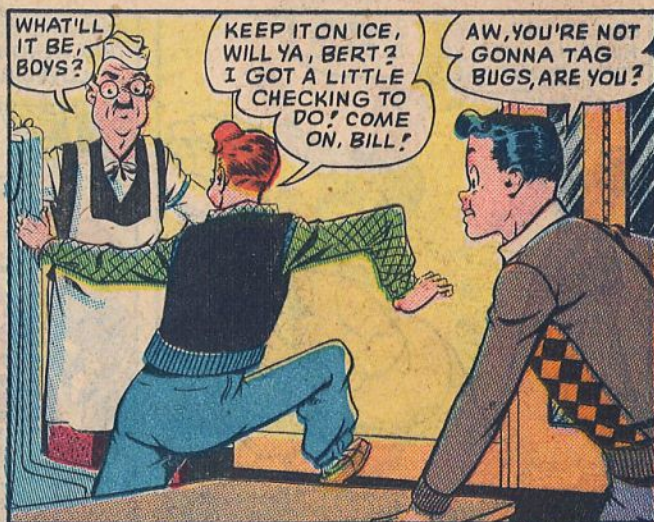
THEY'LL BE BUSY DANCING AND WON'T NOTICE WHERE I AM! OF COURSE, TAKING THEM HOME MAY BE A PROBLEM!

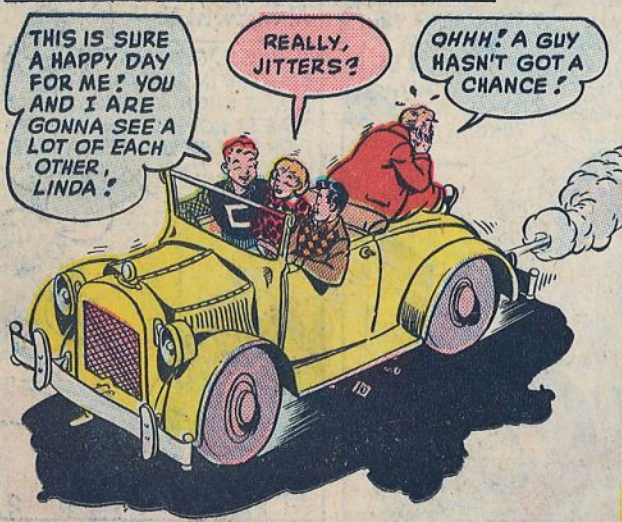
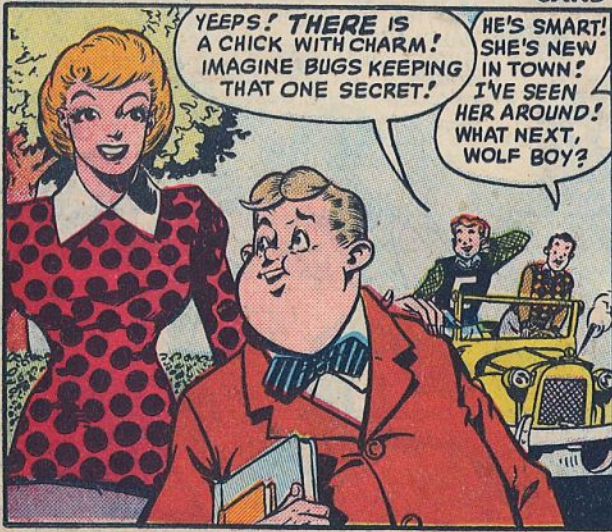
OH, FINE! A PROBLEM, HE SAYS! WHO ARE YOU TAKING, BUGS?

SIGH!

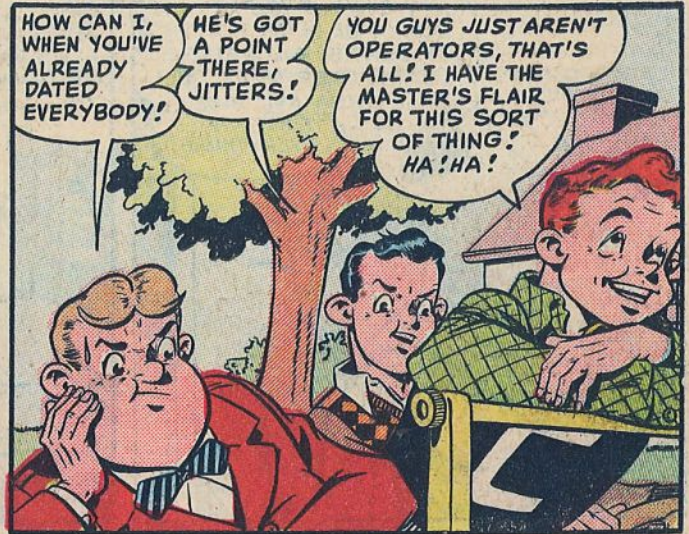


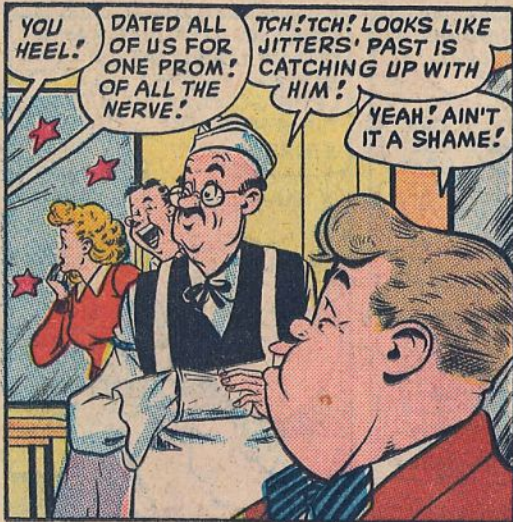
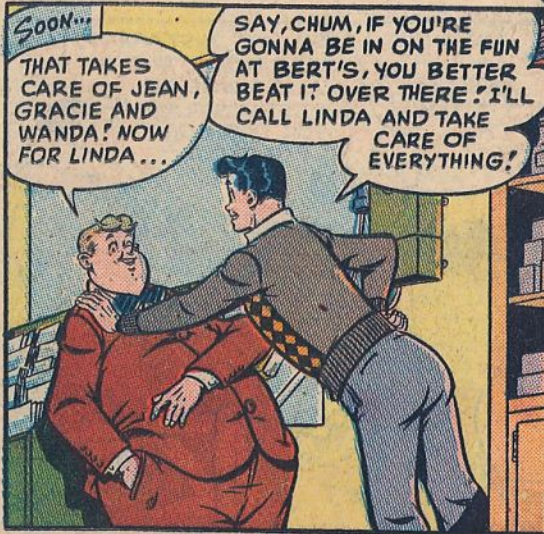
CANDY





CANDY





CANDY

Candy's Dandy



TED DAWSON, the pride of Hartwick High, slumped dejectedly in a booth at the Soda Shoppe. He was in an awful state. Here it was Thursday and he was dateless for the big picnic at Sylvan Lake on Saturday. Worst of all, Candy O'Connor was forsaking him for a stuffed shirt from Gotham City. As he stared out the plate glass window at Main Street, his gloom was redoubled at seeing Candy walking toward the door.

"O-w-w-w," howled Ted mournfully as she entered. "You again! Why don't you get lost—or something."

"Well, gee weepers, Ted Dawson," was Candy's indignant reply to this greeting. "You don't have to be so disagreeable, do you . . . I mean, after all, is it my fault if my very own father asks me to take the son of an important business contact to the picnic?"

Standing with arms on her hips, she glared silently at Ted for a minute before continuing. "Anyway, I'd rather be going with you . . . you're so reliable."

"That's the trouble," interrupted Ted angrily. "I'm too darned reliable—but no more. From now on," he shouted, fixing Candy with an irate stare, "old reliable Ted is looking out for Ted Dawson. Matter of fact, I hear Cynthia Marlowe is back from boarding school for the summer, and I'm going to date her for this half-baked clam bake. How about that?"

Ted slid out of the booth and, with a carefree wave of his hand in farewell, breezed out the door without a backward glance. Left to her own devices, which were many, Candy dwelt upon this newest problem.

"Hmmm. Cynthia Marlowe, eh?" she mused. "Well, we'll just see if you're going to date her for the picnic, Ted Dawson . . . we'll just see."

Having reached a decision, she groped in her purse for a nickel, and finding it, she went immediately to the phone booth and dialed Cynthia Marlowe's home. After a pause she was rewarded by hearing the throaty, sophisticated voice of Cynthia herself on the other end of the wire.

"Cynthia? Cynthia d-a-a-a-rling," she gushed. "I'm so utterly, divinely glad you're home. I'm calling to ask a favor of you . . . well, Rodney Roan, a boy from Gotham City, is our house guest for the week end and I was wondering if you'd go to the picnic at Sylvan with him? . . . You will? Oh thank you, and . . . er . . . by the way, if Ted Dawson calls for a date, would you mind giving him a slight chill? Oh, thanks, you're a dear. G'bye now."

Candy hung up, a sly smile of contentment playing about her mouth, and walked out of the store.

Meanwhile, Ted Dawson ambled down Main Street

from Ferguson's Garage, where he had been overseeing repairs to his battered jalopy. "Jeepers," he muttered, "seven moth-eaten smackers for a new oil filter . . . now I don't know whether I can afford to take Cynthia to the picnic." He looked up the street and spied Cynthia herself window shopping in Barth's Department Store. A low whistle of admiration passed his lips. She was something to look at. Shrugging off his money worries with a here-goes-nothing attitude, he went towards her to ask her for a date.

"Hi, Cyn, long time no see," he said airily as he approached her.

The girl looked around coldly before speaking. "The name escapes me, little boy, but the revolting face is familiar," she said. Then, after a pause she went on, "I know I had a nightmare last night and you were the hit of the show."

Undaunted by this crack, Ted continued, "I'm Ted Dawson . . ."

"Ohhh, yes," replied the girl, "now I remember, my brother Bill has spoken of you. When did you get out?"

"Out? O-u-ut of what?" Ted stammered, not understanding her remark.

"Why, out of reform school, silly," Cynthia said with a winsome smile. "Oh, don't be embarrassed. Bill's told me all about it. I think the judge was an old meany. After all, a crate of oranges isn't anything. And any way, I think everyone's entitled to one mistake, don't you?"

All this was over Ted's head. He didn't know what she was talking about, but he did know that he was being ridiculed, and in front of a steadily growing crowd of people. Taking the bull by the horns, he blurted, "I wanted to ask you if you'd go to the picnic with me Saturday?"

"Why I'd love to, Ted," Cynthia replied, a trace of mocking laughter in her voice, "but unfortunately" she continued, "I've already promised Candy O'Connor I'd go with her house guest."

The crowd was enjoying every minute of Ted's discomfort. He wasn't, however, and so, taking leave of his gorgeous tormentor, he hastened back up the street towards the Soda Shoppe. Slumped in a booth once again, trying to hide from his friends who would no doubt ride him for making a public exhibition of himself, he sank into a troubled reverie.

He was interrupted by a cheery voice saying, "Hi there, Mr. Gloom, what's this I hear about you and Cynthia Marlowe, you wolf, you!" It was Candy O'Connor. "Well, I've fixed it so you can take me to the picnic," she continued, bubbling over with good spirits. "Isn't that dandy?"

A sheepish grin spread slowly over Ted's face. "Okay," he said, "you win Candy, but I'll get even with you yet. C'mon, I'll buy you a soda."



HURRY, CANDY! IF BIXBY SEES US CUTTING HIS CLASS, WE'LL BE IN FOR IT!

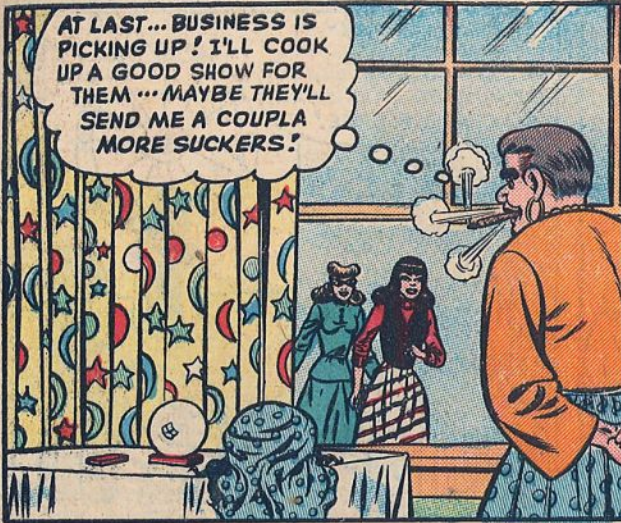
AND NOW, CLASS, WE WILL TAKE UP THE FASCINATING STUDY OF **ASTRONOMY!**



ASTRONOMY...PHOOEY! WHO WANTS TO BOTHER WITH THAT DRY STUFF!

WE SHOULD TAKE BIXBY WITH US TO MADAM LA ZEE'S! I'LL BET SHE COULD TEACH HIM A FEW THINGS ABOUT **STARS!**

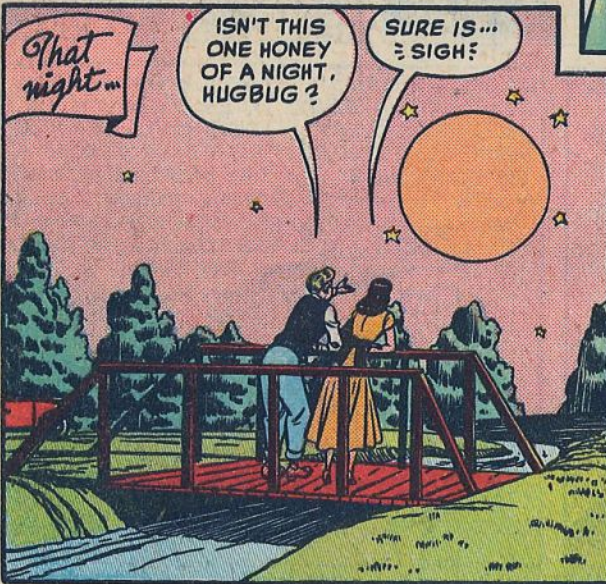


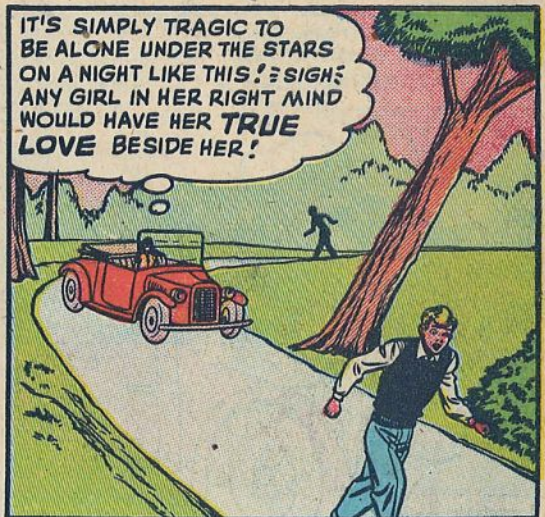
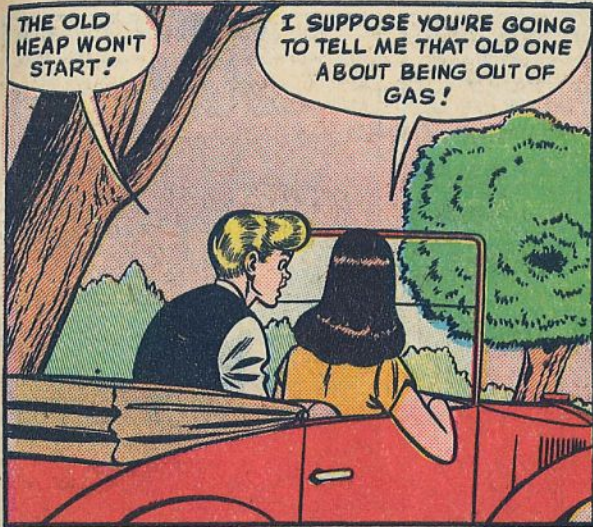




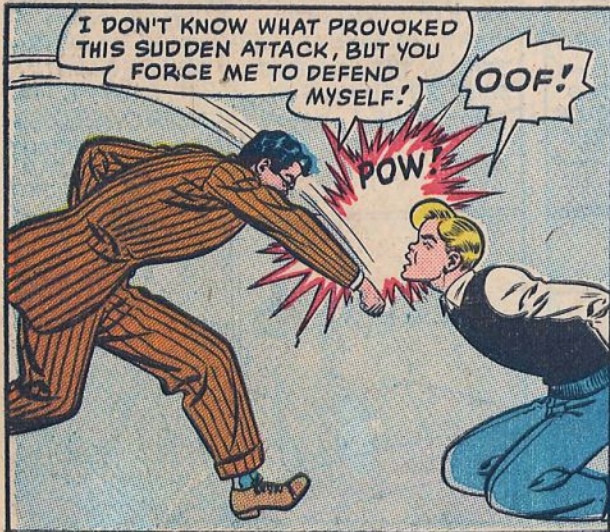
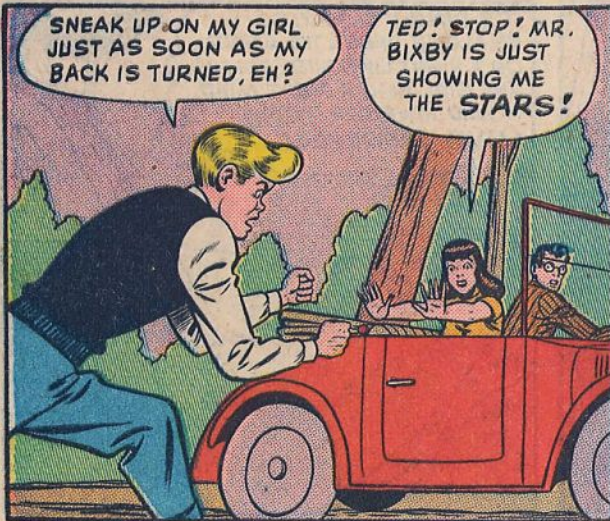
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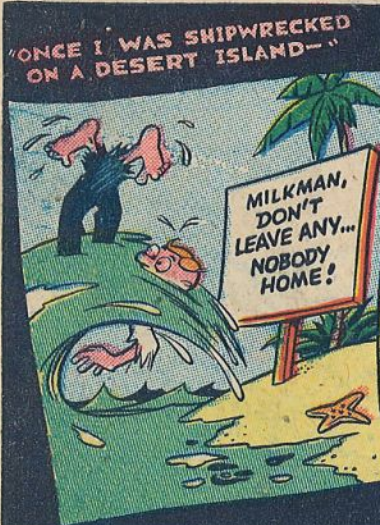


CANDY





CANDY



BOYS! *here's great news!*

ANNOUNCING: An amazing new game

turns **OUTDOOR** action
into **INDOOR** thrills

ELECTRIC BASEBALL

Jim Prentice

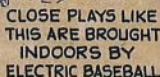
IT'S A
**FENCE
BUSTER**

IT'S TOO BAD WE
HAD TO CALL THE

OKAY, TOM, YOU'VE GOT
US HERE / NOW ADMIT

NOT AT ALL! WE CAN
CONTINUE THE P

ELECTRIC BASEBALL



OKAY, TOM! YOU'VE GOT US HERE! NOW ADMIT YOU WERE KIDDING, WHEN YOU SAID WE'D FINISH THE GAME IN YOUR HOME!

NOT AT ALL.' WE CAN
CONTINUE THE PLAY
ON THIS ELECTRIC
BASEBALL GAME.'



STRIKE
HIM OUT,
TOM!

I WANT TO PLAY THE WINNER! THAT'S THE BEST LOOKING GAME I'VE SEEN!

WATCH MY
FAST BALL



YOU HAVE TO "SWING"
THE BAT AT THE RIGHT
SPLIT SECOND AND
KEEP TRACK OF
STRIKES, BALLS,
HITS, OUTS, RUNS,
INNINGS, ETC!

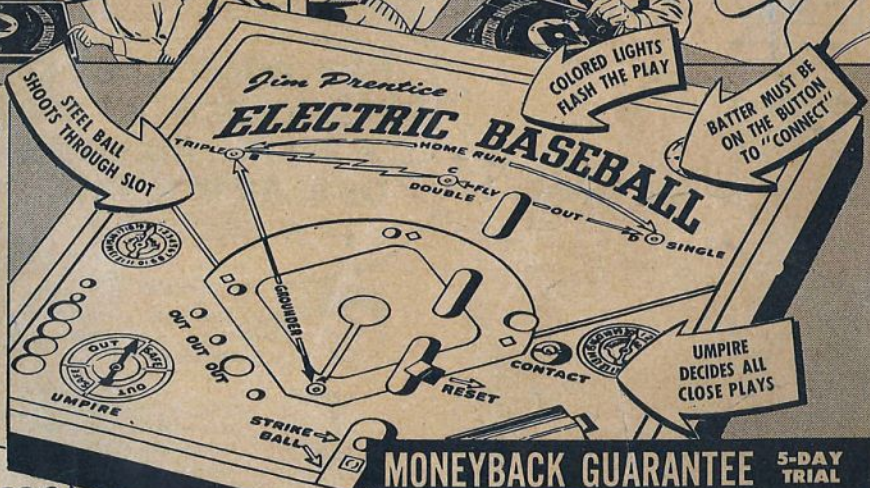
PLAY BA
I'M ALL
GET!

SCIENTIFIC, YET
AS EXCITING AS
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The 1949 Varsity Model Electric Baseball Game is an outstanding value at the delivered price of \$3. Hurry—send for your game—right now. Games come complete with long-life battery, tested miniature lamps, ready to play. Big 14 x 16 Ponderosa Pine frame encloses the maze of wires, soldered connections, and the mechanical bat, topped by the colorful water repellent playing diamond.

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"U.S. ROYAL"

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



RUINING THE
RANSOM PLAN



FOLLOWING AN URGENT POLICE FLASH, DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB BOYS TRACK DANGEROUS KIDNAPPERS TO A LONELY HIDE-OUT. AS THE BOYS STAND GUARD, U.S. ROYAL JETS OFF FOR HELP...



HOPE THE BOYS DON'T RUN INTO TROUBLE BEFORE I GET BACK WITH THE POLICE...



WHILE AT THE KIDNAPPERS' SHACK...

HURRY UP WITH THAT RANSOM NOTE, MUGSY, SO WE CAN SCRAM OUTA HERE...

JEEPERS-- WE'VE GOTTA **KEEP** THEM HERE 'TIL ROYAL GETS BACK! C'MON-- I'VE GOT AN IDEA!



HOW TH-- WHAT A TIME FOR **FLAT TIRES!** GET THE HAND-PUMP-- WE GOTTA WORK FAST!

BUT U.S. ROYAL WORKS **FASTER** AND RETURNS WITH THE POLICE IN THE NICK OF TIME!

LETTING THE AIR OUT OF THEIR TIRES SURE WAS A GREAT IDEA, FELLAS!

IT OUGHTA BE! --WE GOT IT OUT OF **BIKE COMICS** IN "PICNIC PAY-OFF" WHEN JIMMY FULLER--

WHOA! DON'T SPOIL THE STORY... LET OUR READERS GET THEIR **FREE COPIES** FIRST!

WHEN YOU'RE RIDING ON **U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES**, YOU CAN BE SURE YOUR WHEELS ARE EQUIPPED FOR **SPEED PLUS SAFETY**... AND, SAY-- WHEN YOU SEE A HAPPY HUDDLE LIKE THAT ONE, YOU CAN BE JUST AS SURE THERE'S A COPY OF **BIKE COMICS** AT THE BOTTOM OF IT!



GET YOUR COPY OF
"**BIKE COMICS**" AT YOUR
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HEY, LOOK--A FULL-LENGTH ADVENTURE... CAPTURING BANK ROBBERS!



WAIT'LL YOU MEET KNUCKLE-HEAD-- HE NEVER DOES ANYTHING RIGHT!

TERRY'S MY FAVORITE... WOTTA SELLING JOB HE DOES ON POP!



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BIKE TIRES

America's Fastest Selling Tires



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